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Elective Recital: Timothy Powers, tenor

Timothy Powers

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Elective Recital:

Timothy K. Powers, tenor

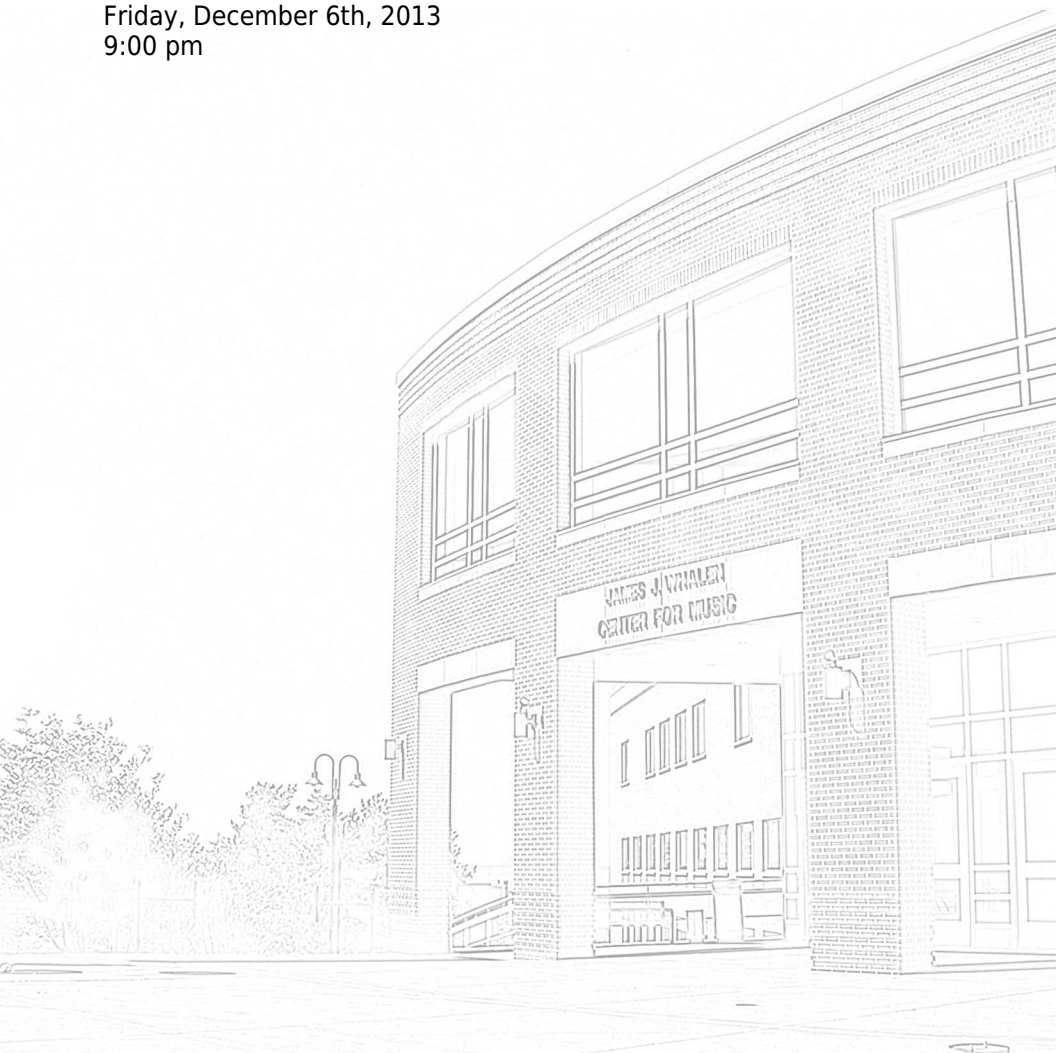
Jonathon Vogtle, piano

Chelsea Kaye Lanphear, flute

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Friday, December 6th, 2013

9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Selections from *Dichterliebe*

11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie
9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Robert Schumann
1840

Selections from *Tre Ariette*

2. Dolente Immagine di File mia
3. Vaga luna che inargenti

Vincenzo Bellini
1935

Intermission

Selections by Gabriel Fauré

- Après un Rêve
Les Berceaux
Fleur Jetée
Movement

Gabriel Fauré
1860's

Three Irish Folk Song Settings

- The Salley Gardens
The Foggy Dew
She moved through the Fair
with Chelsea Lanphear

John Corigliano
1988

from *La Picara Molinera*
Paxarin, tu que Vuelas

Pablo Luna
1928

Translations

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen (A Young Man loved a Girl)

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,

Und hat sich mit dieser
vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.
Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passieret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

A young man loved a girl
Who had chosen another man;
This other man loved yet
another girl
And wed that one.

The first girl married out of spite
The first, best man
That happened into her path;
That young man is not well off.
It is an old story,
Yet it remains ever new;
And to he whom it has just
happened,
It will break his heart in two.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne (The Rose, the Lily, the Dove, the Sun)

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube,
die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in
Liebeswonnen.

Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe
alleine

Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine,
die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonnen

Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und
Sonne

The rose, the lily, the dove, the
sun-

I once loved them all with
ecstatic love.

I love them no more, I love only

the little one, the dainty one,
the pure one, the One.

She alone, the well-spring of all
love,

is rose and lily and dove and
sun.

**Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
(There is a Fluting and Fiddling)**

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt wohl den
Hochzeitreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

There is a fluting and fiddling
With trumpets blaring in;
In a wedding dance dances
She who is my heart's whole
love.

Das ist ein Klingen und
Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n
Dazwischen schluchzen und
stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

There is a ringing and roaring,
A drumming and sounding of
shawms
In between which sob and moan
The lovely little angels.

**Hör' Ich das Liedchen klingen
(I hear the Dear Song Sounding)**

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

I hear the dear song sounding
That once my beloved sang.
And my heart wants to burst so
strongly
From the savage pressure of
pain.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles
Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

A dark longing is driving me
Up into the heights of the woods
Where in my tears can be
dissolved
My own colossal woe.

Dolente Immagine (Sorrowful Image)

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
perché sì squallida mi siedi
accanto?
Che più desideri?

Diretto pianto
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.
Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri
io possa accendermi ad altra face?

Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,
why do you sit so desolate beside
me?
What more do you wish for?

Streams of tears
have I poured on your ashes.

Do you fear that, forgetting sacred
vows,
that I might burn by another flame?

Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully;
the old flame (of love) cannot be
extinguished.

Vaga Luna, che inargenti (Lovely Moon, you who Shed Silver Light)

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed ispiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

Lovely moon, you who shed silver
light
On these shores and on these
flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and
sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

Après en Rêve (After a Dream)

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton
image
Je rêvais le bonheur,
ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux,
ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé
par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la
lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient
leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs
divines entrevues,

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des
songes
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends moi tes
mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

In a slumber which held your image
spellbound
I dreamt of happiness,
passionate mirage,
Your eyes were softer,
your voice pure and sonorous,
You shone like a sky lit up
by the dawn;

You called me and I left the earth
To run away with you towards the
light,
The skies opened their clouds
for us,
Unknown splendours, divine flashes
glimpsed,

Alas! Alas! sad awakening from
dreams
I call you, O night, give back your
lies,
Return, return radiant,
Return, O mysterious night.

Les Berceaux (The Cradles)

Le long du Quai, les grands
vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux
berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,

Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Along the quay, the great ships,
that ride the swell in silence,
take no notice of the cradles,
that the hands of the women rock.

But the day of farewells will come,
when the women must weep,

and curious men are tempted
towards the horizons that lure
them!

And that day the great ships,
sailing away from the diminishing
port,
feel their bulk held back
by the spirits of the distant cradles.

Fleur Jetée (Discarded Flower)

Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent,
Fleur en chantant cueillie

Et jetée en rêvant.

Comme la fleur fauchée
Périt l'amour:
La main qui t'a touchée
Fuit ma main sans retour.

Que le vent qui te sèche
O pauvre fleur,
Tout à l'heure si fraîche
Et demain sans couleur,
Sèche mon coeur!

Carry off my folly
at the whim of the wind,
oh flower which I picked while I
sang
and threw away as I dreamed.

Like flowers scythed down,
love dies.
The hand that once touched you
now shuns my hand forever.

May the wind that withers you,
oh poor flower,
a moment ago so fresh
and tomorrow all faded,
wither my heart!

Paxarin, tu que Vuelas (Litte Bird, that Flies)

Mi locura non tié cura.
Que amargura.
Mi sufrir no es vivir,
y pido a Dios morir;
que es el mayor pesar
amar.

Pajarin, tú que vuelas,
tiende las alas,
y con tu pico de oro
dile a mi amada,
dila tú si está sola,
que estoy ya loco,
porque a mi no me quiero
y quiere a otro.
Por ella no duermo
y es mi gran pena,
tenerla yo miedo
porque no es buena.

Dile tú que esta
noche en la fiesta
la estaré viendo,
y que si no me mira

My madness has no cure.
What bitterness.
My suffering is no life,
and I ask God for death;
as the greatest burden
is to love.

Little bird, that flies,
spread your wings,
and with your golden throat
tell my beloved,
tell her, if she is alone,
that I am mad,
because she does not love me
and she loves another.
For her I cannot sleep
and my deepest hurt,
is to be afraid
because she is not good.

Tell her that tonight
at the fiesta
I will be watching her,
and that if she does not glance at

por ella muero.

Dile tú que yo delirio
y por ella suspiro,
pues vivo por su amor.

Que sin ella non rezo
ya a los santiños,
que non canto como antes
por los caminos,
y que si a veces canto,
casi me afuego,
que a la vez canto y lloro,
como los niños.
que a la vez canto
y lloro como los niños.
¡Ah! ... Con ella sueño.

Dame vergüenza lo que he llorado
solo en mi alcoba
sabiendo lo mala
que es esa loba.
Dile tú
que no dejo de verla
por donde vivo,
y abrasarme quisiera
con sus suspiros.
Dile tú que yo delirio
y por ella suspiro,
pues vivo por su amor.

me
I will die for her.

Tell her I am raving
and sigh for her,
since I live for her love.

That without her I cannot pray
any more to the Saints,
that I don't sing as before
in the lanes,
and when at times I try to sing,
it's as if I were choking,
because all at once I sing and cry,
like the babes,
because all at once I sing
and cry like the babies.
Ah! ... I dream of her.

I'm ashamed to have wept
alone in my bedroom,
knowing she is wicked,
that she's a she-wolf.
Tell her
that I always see her
wherever she is,
and long to burn
in her sighs.
Tell her I'm raving,
and sigh for her,
since I live for her love.